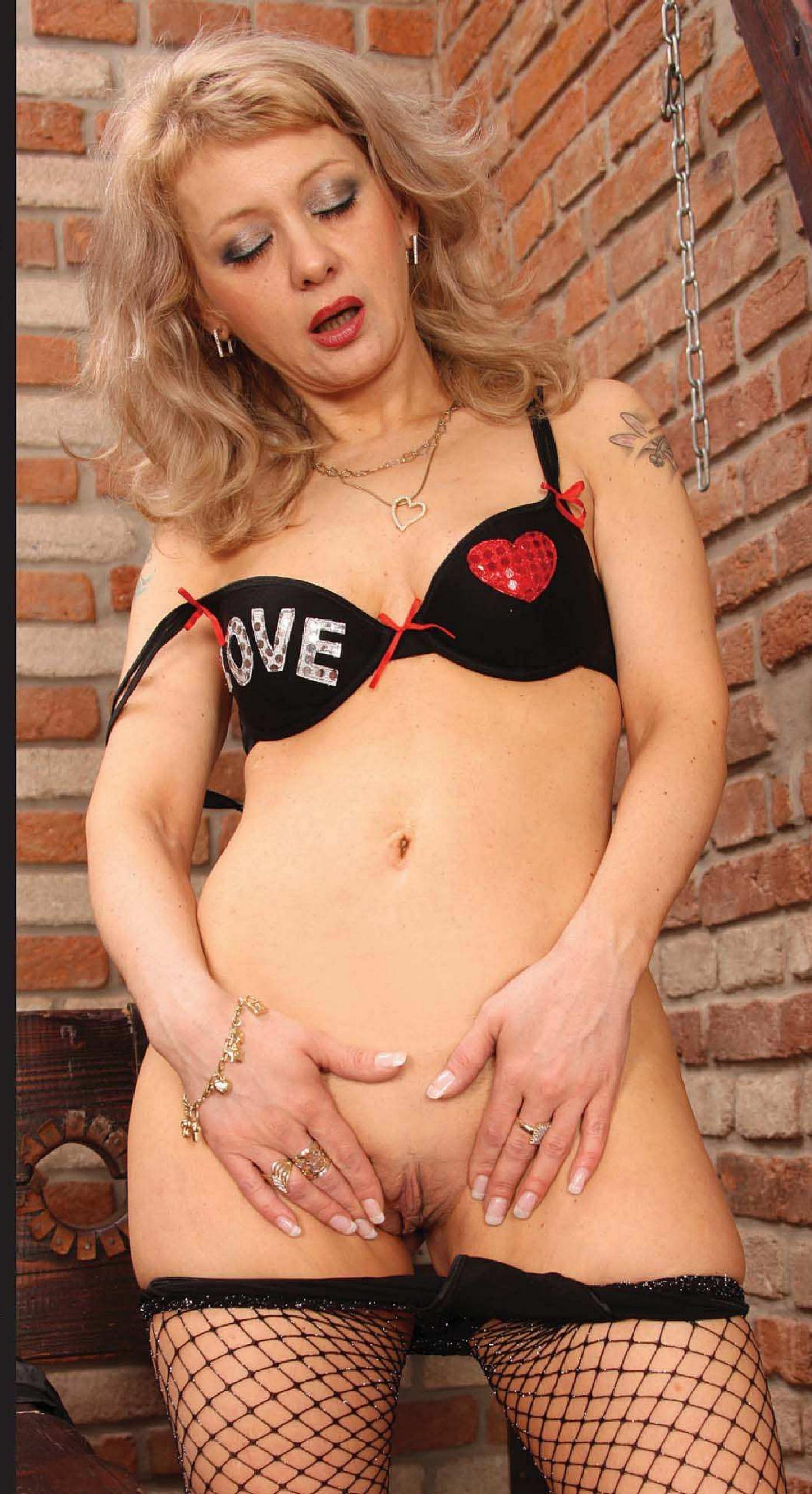




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Well, I think this section of the wall is finished. I worked really hard at gettng all the corners done right. There were a lot of little crevices and areas that needed my attention. Did you check out my work? Go back and look closely. I think the pink color was just perfect, don't you? It's time to move on and do the other side of the room. Can you please go over there and throw some plastic over the furniture while I finish one last little thing — ME!



















40+: Lorie, thank for taking a minute out of your busy schedule to talk with us. **Lorie:** It's my pleasure.

40+: You have a slight accent. Is it British? **Lorie:** Yes it is. I was born in London and moved to the states about 15 years ago.

40+: And you're living in Boston now? **Lorie:** Yes, I moved here about six years ago after living in New York.

40+: Why Boston?

Lorie: Well, I got married and he was from here so we moved back. I really like it here. The winters are a bit cold, but I just stay inside and snuggle with my hubbie as much as I can and his work allows us.

40+: Does he know that you've posed for pictures in the past, as well as now? **Lorie:** Oh, he loves it and is very supportive. As a matter of fact, that's how we met. He was catering a photo shoot.

40+: And so you married the caterer. **Lorie:** Not that fast. I didn't see him for a few years; and then in a shoot in Brooklyn, he showed up to cater the shoot and he had his wife with him at the time. I saw him at lunch break and we started talking again and hit it off. As the day ended, I wanted to tell him how much I liked his food so when they were packing up I went over to compliment him, and he gave me his number. I though that was a bit inappropriate since he was married, but I kept it anyway.

40+: Somehow, you must have called him because now you're together.

Lorie: Yes, but it took a while. I was starting to hate New York and feeling homesick for London. On a lark, I called him one night, just

to talk and take my mind off things, and he answered. He said he and his wife had split up because she met someone on a photo shoot and split with him. How ironic because here I was calling him. We talked for hours. I told him I had done some topless modeling in England. That I was a Page 3 girl for The Sun. He hadn't heard of that so I explained that on page three in this British tabloid is a photo of a pretty girl, topless. He was amazed.

40+: How soon afterwards did you hook up. **Lorie:** What do you mean by hook up — did we have sex or did we meet again?

40+: Both.

Lorie: Oh you're good. We got together for a dinner date in SoHo that weekend. It was in a small Italian restaurant. Very romantic. After dinner, and after a few bottles of Merlot, we kinda stumbled to his apartment. I crashed on the bed and he slept on the sofa. I woke up with a headache, and he was so sweet fixing me a great cup of coffee. We talked even more over a great breakfast he made and then I just started kissing him. First to thank him, but it became more intimate and hotter.

40+: Care to elaborate?

Lorie: I guess that evening he took off my dress but left my bra and panties on as he put me to bed. In the morning he had laid a robe by the side of the bed and I put it on before going out to the kitchen. Over breakfast, I felt my robe kinda slip open a little but I did not even bother to close it. I had my bra on. After we kissed for a while, I felt his hand slip down and undo the belt of the robe and pull it off my shoulders. He kissed my shoulders and neck and that started to drive me wild.

I too kissed his neck and chest. He was only wearing his pajama bottoms. Almost without thinking, my hand slipped down his pjs and grabbed his cock. I don't think I ever saw, or felt, a man get has hard as quickly as he did. By now he was undoing my bra in the back and my boobs fell out of the bra and into his hands. (Lorie pauses as if to say she has said too much.)

40+: Don't be shy; our readers would love to hear more.

Lorie: Righty then. I'll go on, but I have to leave out some of the details.

40+: Fine. Whatever you're comfortable with. **Lorie:** Well, he started kissing my breasts. They are so sensitive and my nipples get really hard. But his dick was even harder. I made him stand up and went down on my knees and started to kiss his cock. I pulled his pjs down to his ankles and grabbed his balls in the same motion. I pulled on them as I sucked the head and licked the shaft. I moved my head back and forth on his cock, sucking in rhythm to the background music, and he exploded in my mouth. I was surprised because I didn't even feel it coming. He quickly apologized, but I looked up and said it was great. He said let's take a shower together and we raced each other to his bathroom. Gosh, I sound like a porn movie script. 40+: I think I may need a cold shower after this interview. (Lorie laughs.)

Lorie: This is where I think I should stop and you should use your imagination. I'll just finish by saying that we took a nice long shower together and never left his apartment the rest of the day.







































































Dr Sabrina returns with more words for you

Dear Dr. Sabrina,

This is a bit of a hard letter to write, but I'm going to do it anyway. Please don't preach to me about seeing a doctor or a therapist because I don't have that kind of money. And I know writing to a lady in a magazine is not the best answer either, but I just have to do something. I've come to my wit's end over this and need another ear that will listen.

I'm a septuagenarian and moved to Florida about five years ago with my wife. We lived up north, but as many older couples do, we moved to the South to seek better climate and more people our own age. A year ago my beloved passed and I've been in a funk ever since. I miss her terribly and I miss her companionship, in the sack. I have not been able to sleep very well and the problem seems to be getting worse. When she was alive, we would go to bed together and she would rub my cock and balls until I fell asleep. She was an angel about it, and no matter how she felt, she would always find some time to rub me.

Every once in a while she would go down on me, usually without her teeth and give me, what we liked to call, a gum job. It felt great. But it's not that I'm missing, it's the cock rubbing and the ball holding. My balls would fit perfectly in her hand and she would wiggle her fingers giving me a nice sensation down there. Oftentimes I would not be hard as she held my cock but just the feeling of her hands around it was very reassuring and eventually I would fall asleep. Sometimes she would fall asleep first still holding me down there. Often I would awake in the middle of the night to go to the bathroom, and I



Dr. Sabrina responds to
Harvey who has a special
problem falling asleep now
that he's all alone.

If you have questions about
the opposite sex or even
yourself, then Dr. Sabrina
may have the answer.

Read on!

would come back to bed and put her hand back on my privates, even as she was sleeping.

One morning I woke up and she was still holding my cock. She was on her back with her right hand on me. I leaned over to kiss her like I did every morning that we were married. I got up and left her asleep. Had my coffee and bagel and went back to be sure she was awake because we had things to do that day. She did not wake up.

So here I am a year later unable to sleep. I've tried holding myself, putting a warm anything down there, I purchased a fake vagina, but nothing seems to help. I cannot fall asleep without my cock and balls in someone's hands. I have found a couple ladies that I've romanced, but they were too set in their ways to accommodate an old man. They have made me realize just how special my wife was.

Can you please give me any advice as to either falling comfortably asleep or finding a woman that would do this for me? I'm a desperate insomniac.

Harvey W., Boca Raton

Dearest Harvey,

I'm so sorry to hear about your loss. She sounds like a saint and you two were really in love. Your loss seems to have manifested a restlessness inside of you that keeps you from a good sleep. Your mind, as well as your body, is seeking that physical sedative that her hands on your privates provided.

As you describe it, it's obvious that it's not a sexual thing. Granted once in a while it may have turned into it, but it's more like a child having a teddy bear to fall asleep with. It's the security of another next to you. You say you've tried other ladies, but they will not or cannot do what your wife did. That's because it's just as much as a psychological thing as a physical thing. You know they are not your wife and it's just not the same.

I'm afraid something like this will just take time. And yes, I'm going to suggest you keep trying different things to help you sleep. If masturbation does not help then you're old enough to know what else to try, but if it's going to be medicinal, please consult your doctor.

Sweet dreams.

— Dr. S.

Letters From Our Readers

Comments on the magazine, the sexy ladies, and their thoughts on sex. These are real letters from our readers who let it all hang out!

Dear 50+,

I gotta tell you how absolutely gorgeous Josephine was in your last issue. What a babe for fifty-plus. I couldn't believe how great her body looked and her boobs especially. They look real and I like them that way. Most of the other ladies in the issue were good too, but Josephine was a true hottie. I especially liked her interview (I liked the photos more, though) and she seems like a genuinely nice person. Like someone you'd meet at a coffee shop rather than a bar. Thanks for the candid look at one fine lady.

Sam, Portland

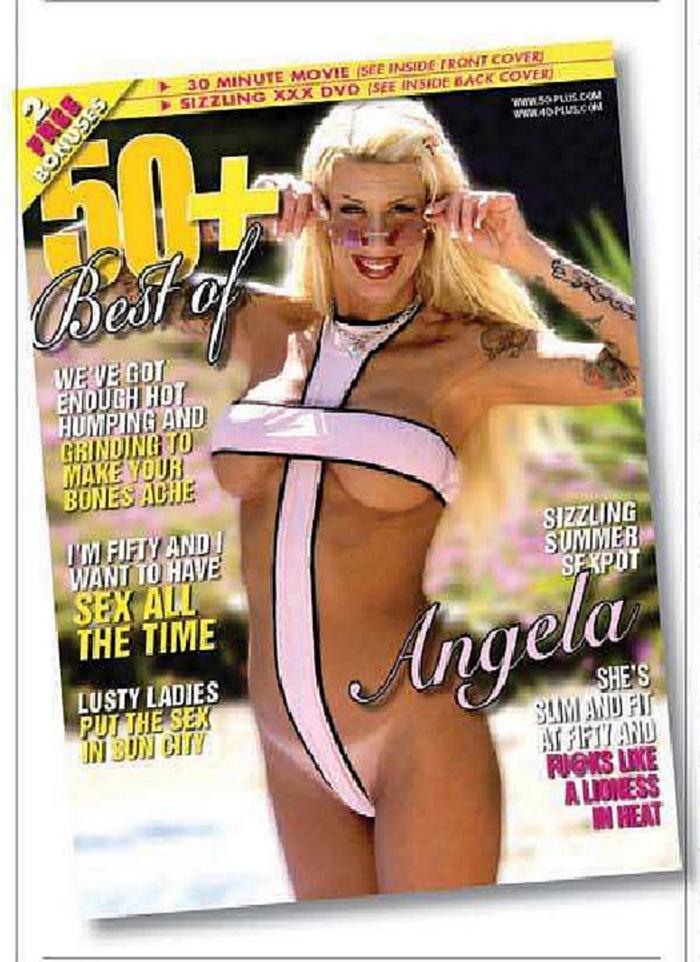
Editors of 50 Plus,

Before I got married, I had quite the reputations as a lady's man. I gave my not-yet wife, Beckie, her first orgasm when she was twenty-two and so she thought I was a great lover — then we got hitched. But she doesn't know that everything I learned about sex with a woman was that I learned it from her sister.

Her sister, Fannie, is a year older than my wife. I had met Fannie first at a funeral we were attending for a local basketball hero that died in a car accident. Fannie was sitting in the row behind me and was balling her eyes out. Apparently she had dated the dude in high school. Her sobbing was beginning to bug me, so I turned around to say something to her and noticed she didn't have a tissue or hankie. Thinking quick, offered her my hankie, more to muffle her crying than to dry her tears. After the funeral ended, she found me and tried to return my hankie. I told her to keep it, and she kinda smiled, realizing I did not want to put that wet thing back in my pocket.

We started up some small talk about the deceased and some other folks we had in

common, and she turned out to be a nice chick. I couldn't help to notice how fine she was after she took off her big black hat and veil. Now, when I say I'm a ladies man, check this out... I asked her if she needed a ride somewhere or back to her apartment. She said no thanks, her sister was coming to pick her up, but wouldn't be there until 5pm because she didn't know how long the funeral would be, It finished a few minutes after four. I offered to wait with her at the church until her sister Beckie came to pick her up. She said that was very nice of



me and she appreciated it. I, on the other hand, had ulterior motives. I wanted her pussy and I was going to get it before Beckie showed up.

The church was emptying and the priest was closing the doors. I suggested we wait back in my car. We took our time walking to the parking lot. I was playing her as best I could, but also hoping most of the cars would have left by the time we got there. It was getting dark outside and as we got to the car, like a gentleman, I opened the door for her.

She got in and I did the same. She commented on how sweet I was to do this for her, and, so smooth, I suggested she be sweet to me for being so sweet to her. She got it right away and without hesitation she groped my crotch and felt my already hard-on. She pulled down my zipper and my dick sprung up. Grabbing it, she began stoking it up and down. After a few hard strokes, she leaned across the front seat and put her head in my lap and her mouth over my dick. Fannie's lips were all over my dick, up and down the shaft, swirling her tongue around the head, and gulping the whole thing down as I reclined the driver's seat to make plenty of space for her. After about twenty minutes of cock-sucking she lifted her head and said "Get out." I was shocked at that but her look let me know what she meant.

My car was at the far end of the lot and it was pretty much empty by now. I got out and looked around, coast was clear, and she came out and leaned over the trunk of my Pontiac. She pulled her black panties down over her black stockings. Her dark ass was lit by the parking lot lights. She pulled my dick out and guided it into her pussy. I was amazed at how wet she was, but that thought quickly faded. She was leaning with her legs spread and her butt arched up and looked at me over her shoulder. She pushed her butt against me as I pumped my dick into her. The car was shaking in rhythm to my thrusts and she was moaning out loud. It reminded me of her sobbing in the church and that made me fuck her even harder.

She reached between her legs and grabbed my balls as she sensed I was about to cum. She pulled on them as my cock came out and twisted them as I pushed my cock back in. Man she was good. When she felt me about to cum, she squeezed my balls pulling them and my cock went in even deeper. Like a gentleman, I asked if I should pull



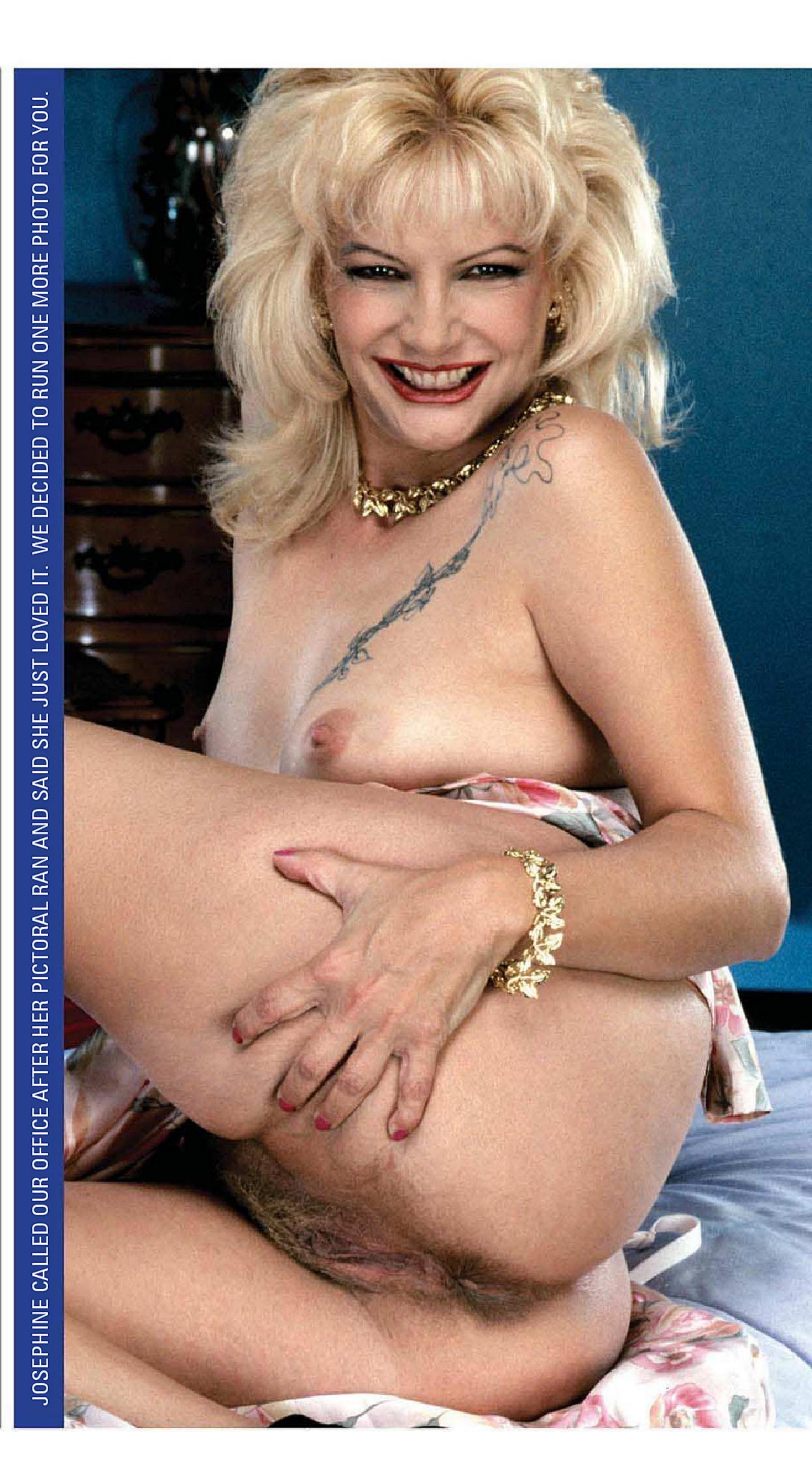
out and she said, "Hell no!" and I gushed so much jizz inside her, it came seeping out the sides of her pussy. She let go of my balls and finger wiped the excess and licked her fingers clean. Damn, she was good.

We had barely finished as some headlights turned into the parking lot. I leaned against the car acting cool, as her sister drove up and pulled up next to us. Fannie went around to the passenger door and opened it, leaning over to introduce me to her sister. Beckie looked back at me, rolled down her window and extended her hand to say hello. I took it and smoothly said hello in a soft voice and she giggled. Through the window I heard Fannie say how sweet I was to wait with her and Beckie looked at me and said thank you for watching her. I invited them both to dinner on Wednesday, but Fannie said she'd be out of town that night. Beckie said she could come lowering her eyes as she rolled the window back up. I told her I was sure she would.

As I went back to my car and sat in the seat, I noticed my zipper was still down. And Beckie still accepted my invite. Well, that was thirty years ago that Beckie went to dinner. We went out again and again but I never went out with Fannie again. Not that it matters, because it is Beckie that I love. I still don't know if Fannie has ever told her about our little tryst in the church's parking lot, but it hasn't seemed to matter at all. Should it?

Sheldon B., Kansas City

Sheldon, No, it shouldn't matter. That was a long time ago and bygones should be bygones. It's past history, water under the bridge. But if it ever comes up at this point in time treat it like a fond memory, not like a hot tryst with your wife's sister. Obviously it has not affected Fannie and she has kept quiet about it realizing you love Beckie, and she doesn't want to ruin that. – Ed.



Letters From Our Readers

More comments on the magazine, the sexy ladies, and their thoughts on sex.

Dear 50+,

A short while ago I received a call from someone in my past. It was lazy Sunday afternoon and the phone rang. I wasn't doing much and wanted to keep it that way. After many rings I decided to answer it and on the other side was Steven. I didn't recognize his voice at first. It has been almost ten years.

Steven and I didn't have much of a relationship. He was the rebound guy after my husband left me for another man. We talked about things at first, but stopped talking and kept fucking. It was a cold hard act, but we both managed to get through it and stay civil to each other. I have been celibate for a while, but when I heard from Steven, I realized how long it had actually been. Three years.

I wondered why he was calling and asked him. He said he had been thinking about me and was in town for a week on a business conference. He wanted to get together for dinner and reminisce. I didn't want too much of anything from him and told him so. We cordially said god bye and hung up.

Twenty minutes later, I'm defrosting a chicken and he calls again. He said, quite forcefully, that I should have dinner with him. It would do me good and he would only be available for tonight. I reluctantly agreed and put the fowl back in the fridge. He was over within the hour and I was ready. I invited him in and offered a drink. He accepted and I poured him a bourbon and he sat down. Damn it he didn't look good. A slim salt-n-pepper fifty-eight year old looking dapper in his business suit. I thought to myself, I can eat any time, this guy looks so good, I should eat him. As the evening wore on, we kept drinking and were in no position to go out. I told him I needed to lay down and went to the bedroom. He followed and before I knew it I was naked on the bed with my head spinning around. Steven got into the bed beside me. I was feeling the alcohol and his fingers, too. They were working that old magic and I was liking it. He slid a finger into my pussy and I instinctively arched up. Then he inserted more and I ground my hips against his palm. I bit my lip and begged him for more. He began licking my nipples, one at a time as I shuddered under his thrusting hand. I began to rock my hips against his palm. He tried whispering to me but I tuned him

whispering to me but I tuned him out as I concentrated on the feelings below my waist.

He opened my legs and slid his face down between them. His fingers exited my pussy and began playing with my clit. I pushed his hands hard into it. His lips replaced his fingers on my clit, and then his teeth. I felt pain and pleasure at the same time. I came as

he tongued me deeply and made him feel my ecstasy. I pulled his head and hands away from my pussy and rolled over. I was still woozy from the drinks and my head was spinning from my climax. I mumbled something as he reached for my hand to put on his cock. I remember touching something hard, but that's about it. I think I heard him try to mumble something but I was out and don't remember anything.

When I woke up a few hours later, he was gone. I rolled over and felt something wet and sticky on my stomach. I dragged myself to the shower to clean him off of me. I realized what happened and it did not bother me. It was nice to see Steven again, if only for that night. He did not call me in the morning or even the rest of the week. And I don't really care if it is another ten years before I fuck him again.

Selma, Atlanta

To the editor,

I hope you will print my letter. I just want to vent a little about fifty-plus women showing their assets in magazines like yours. I think I'm pretty liberal when it comes to most things, but this is not something I condone. I have no problem with men's magazine's and even think a young woman's body is attractive and should be shown in an appropriate manner. But the women showing their goodies at advanced ages, well they should know better.

I don't know why men would want to look at wrinkles and rolls, and at places where most have popped out at least a few kids. I believe in freedom of the press, but these ladies should censor themselves and leave nudity for the pretty people.

– Martha K., Baltimore

Dear Martha, Thank you for writing and venting. We know there are people who think like you out there, and that is fine. Please feel free to think as you like, but allow us the same courtesy. We publish for an audience that DOES find those women attractive. All we can add is that this is a wonderful country, isn't it?

— Ed

If you have something to say to us, then go write ahead. You can send your letters to the Editor, Blair Publishing, Inc., 9030 W. Sahara Ave. # 422, Las Vegas, NV 89117. All submissions become the property of Blair Publishing, Inc., and up to our discretion to publish them — or not. Either way, we enjoy reading them all.



Sandra is a homebody with a body to stay home for.

IADY INRED

Red is my favorite color. I have a bit of red in everything I wear and all around our house. My husband buys me red roses and I wear red lingerie. I even drive a red car. I love red hearts and, you guessed it, Valentine's Day is my favorite holiday. My fingernails are red, my toenails are red, and my hair is red. Well, kind of red, anyway. One time I even dyed my pubic hair red and my husband loved it. We went wild that night. We painted the town – red.





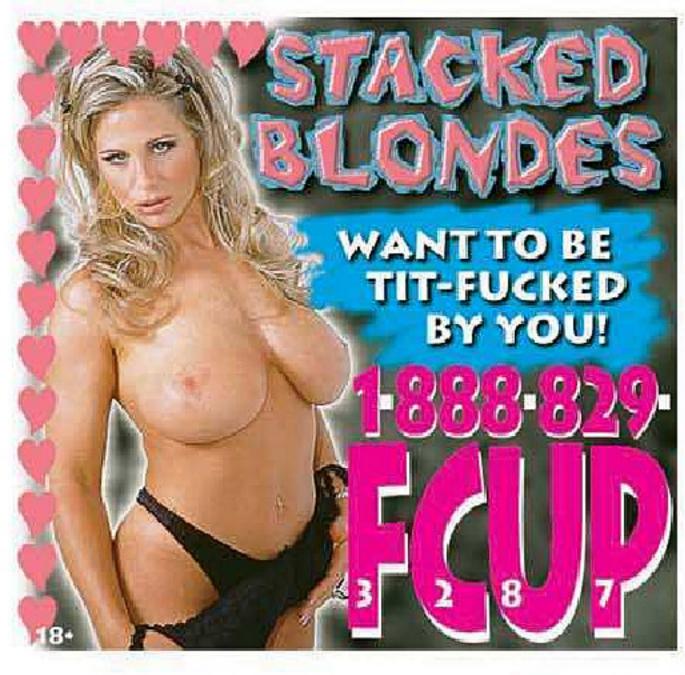




There was one time when I dressed all in pink for my husband's birthday. I had on a pink bra, pink panties, pink lipstick. I had my nails painted pink and wore pink eyeshadow. I made him a pink cake with pink frosting. When my husband came into the bedroom, I had pink lighting. I went out and bought pink satin sheets for the occasion. I even had pink champaign and pink bonbons. As he came to the bed I told him I had a little surprise for him. He looked excited to get it. I opened my legs, pulled my pussy lips apart and showed the best pink of all. When he saw it, he blushed and his cheeks turned a bright pink.











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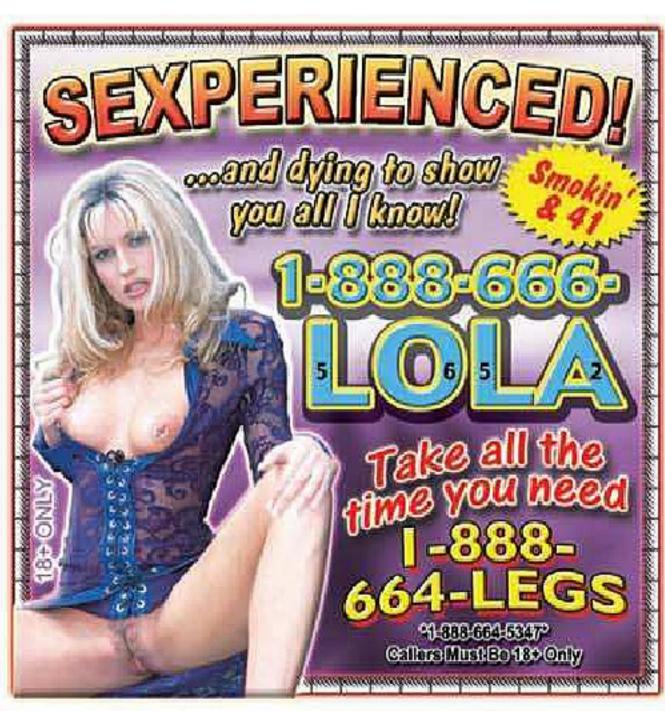
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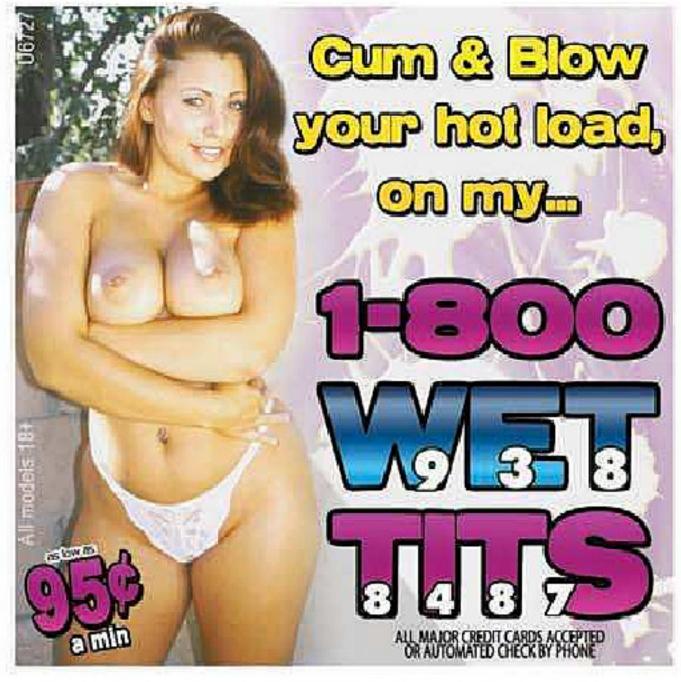
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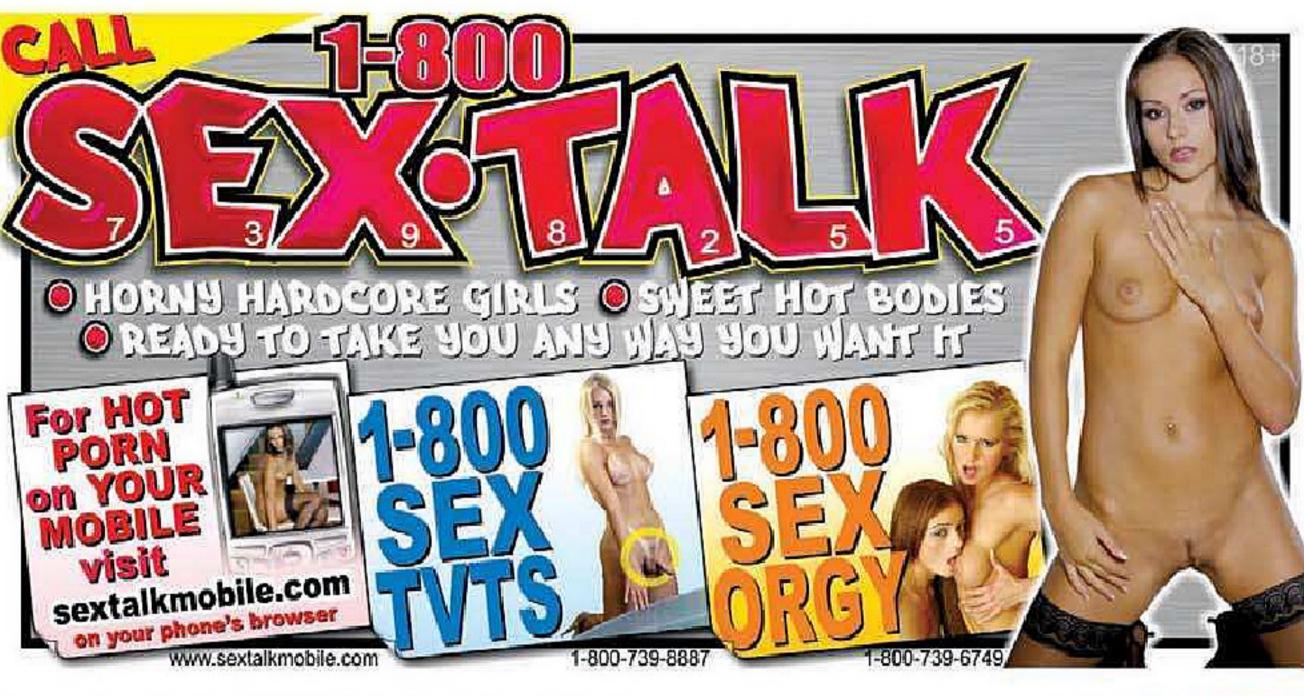
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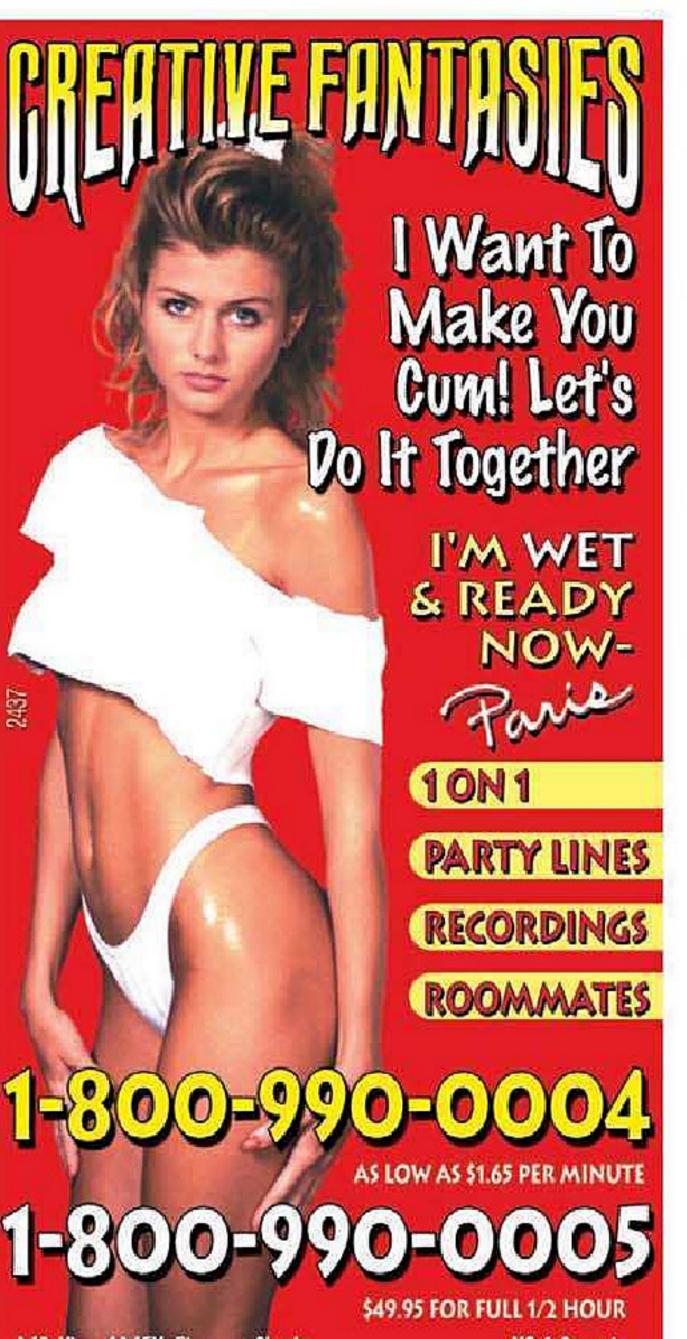
















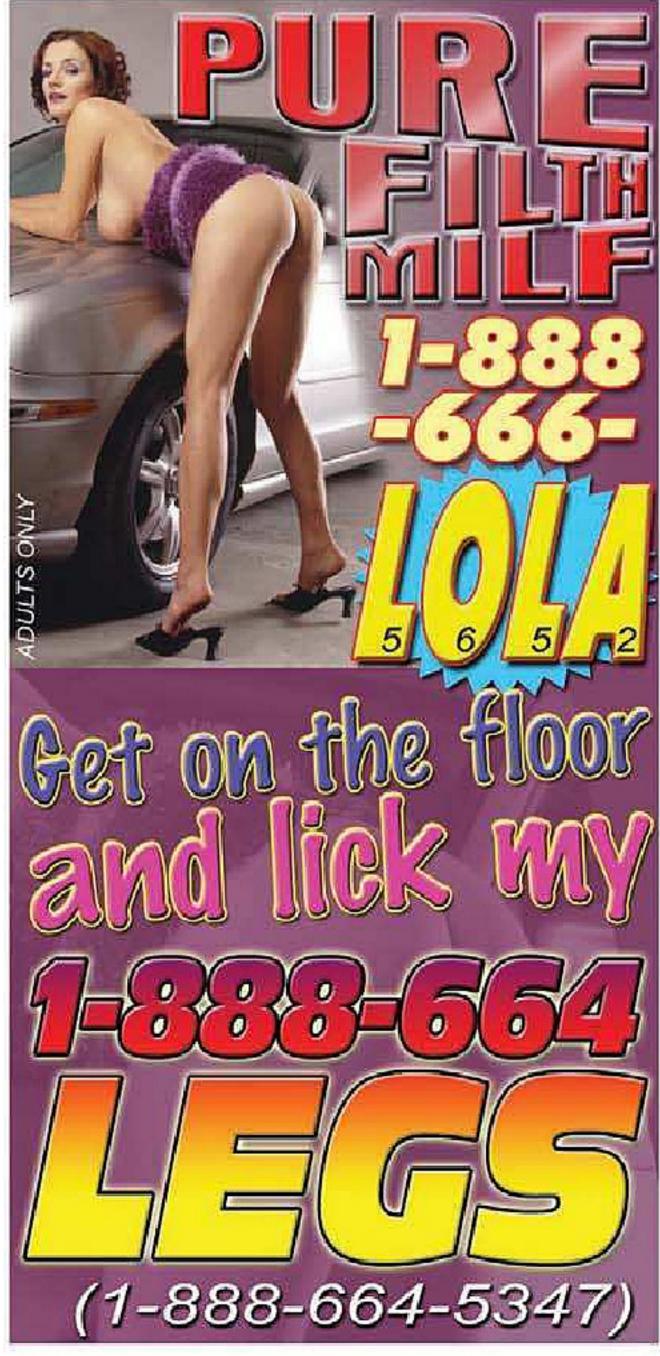
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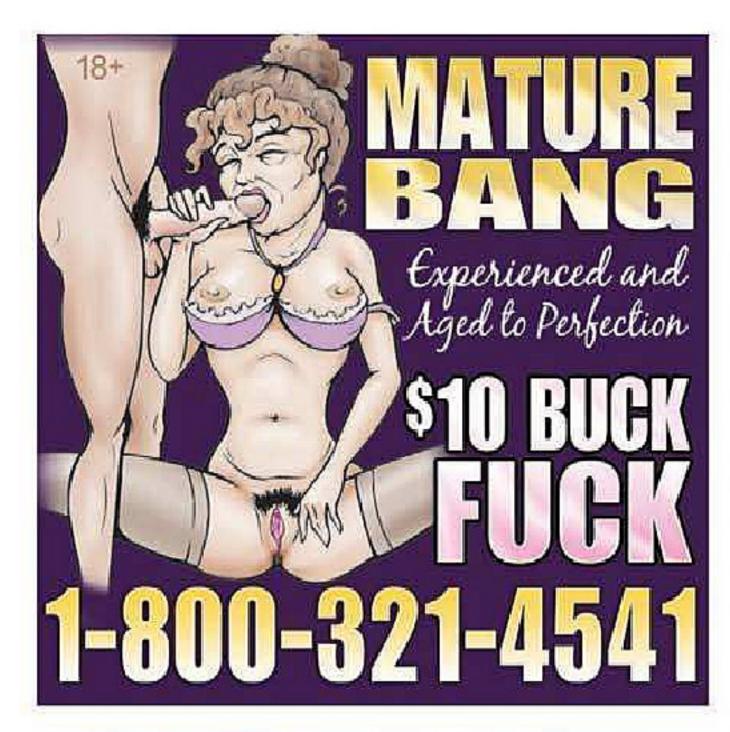
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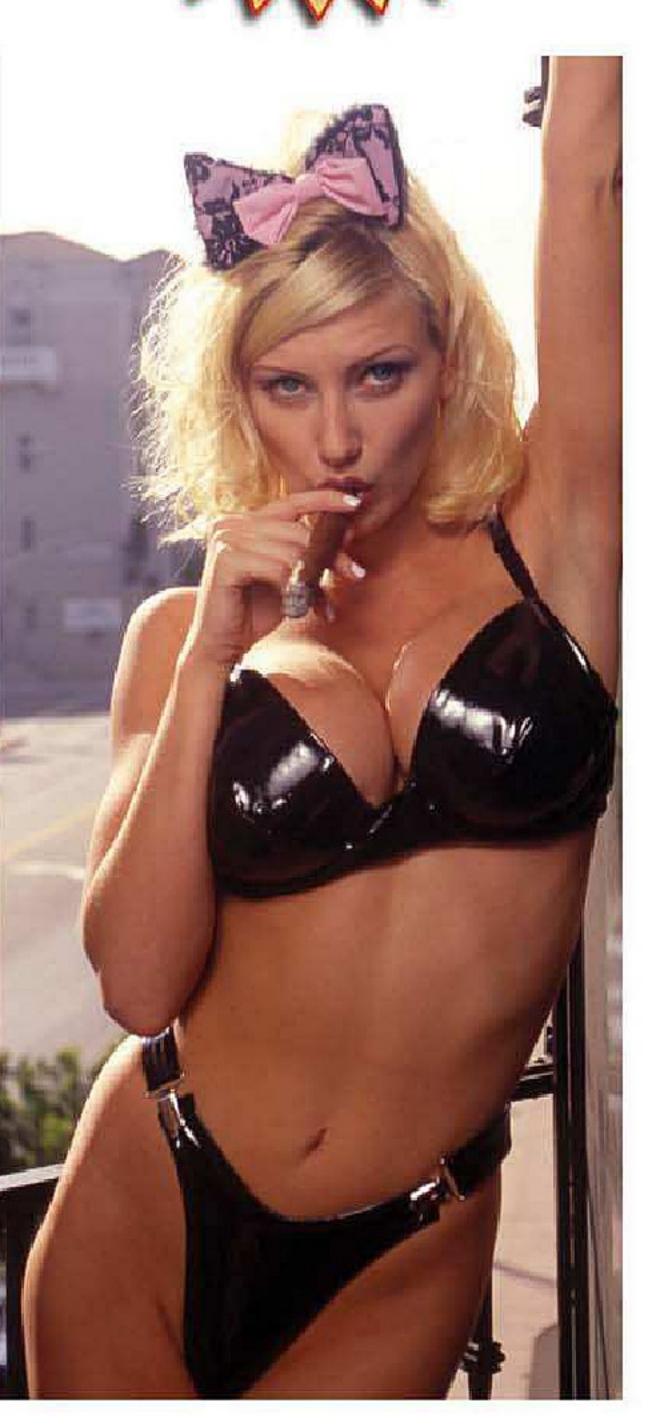
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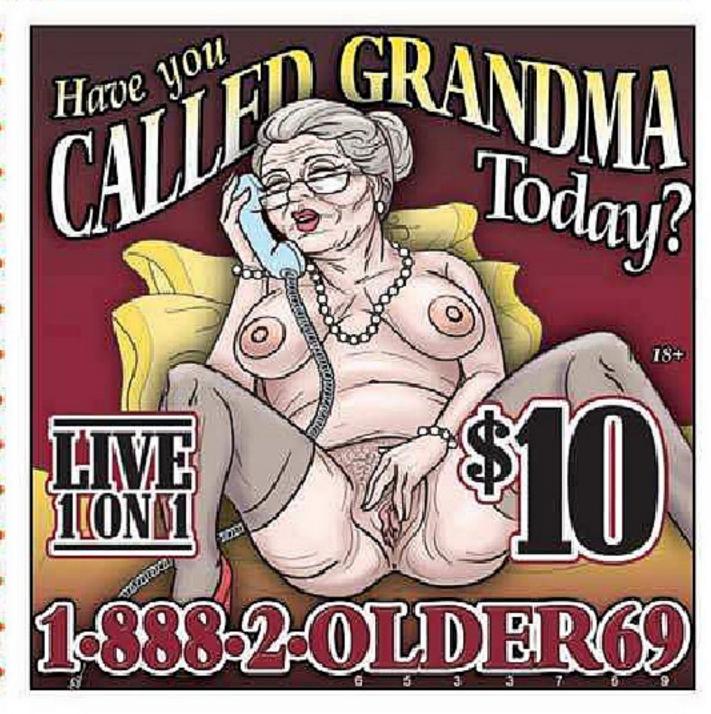


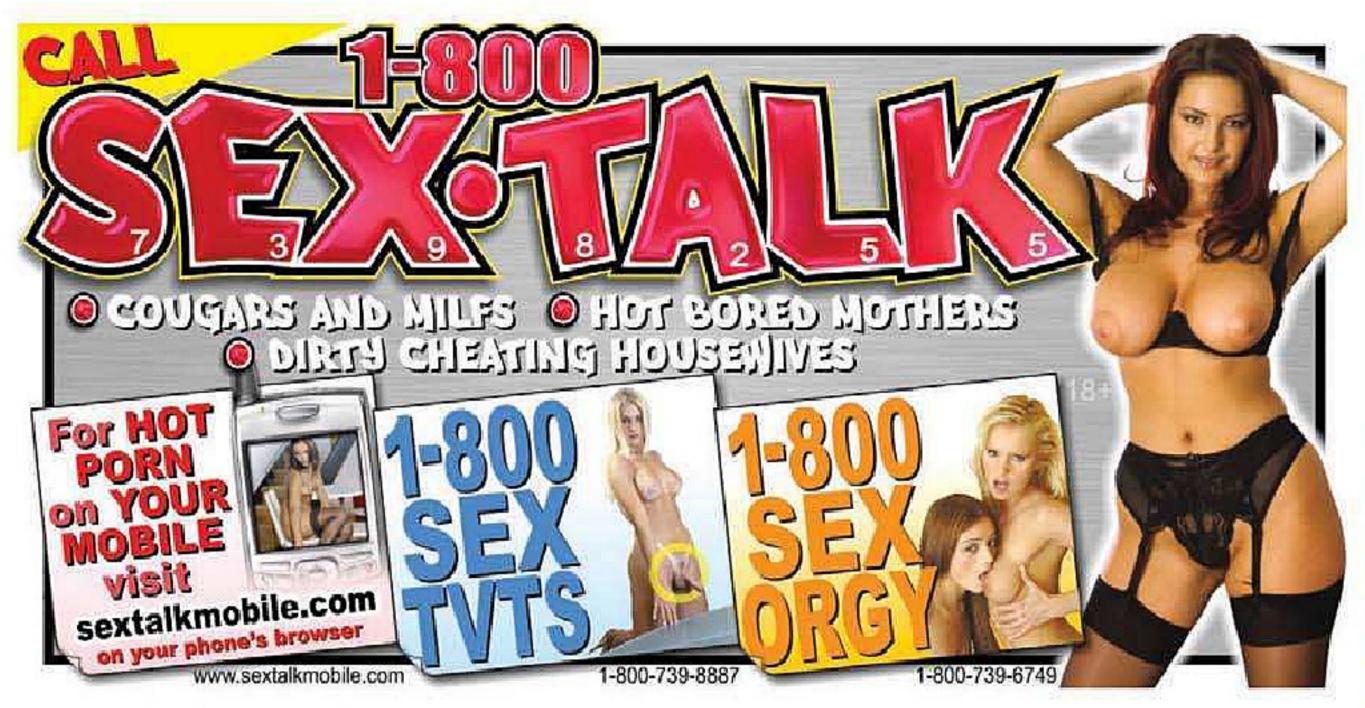
















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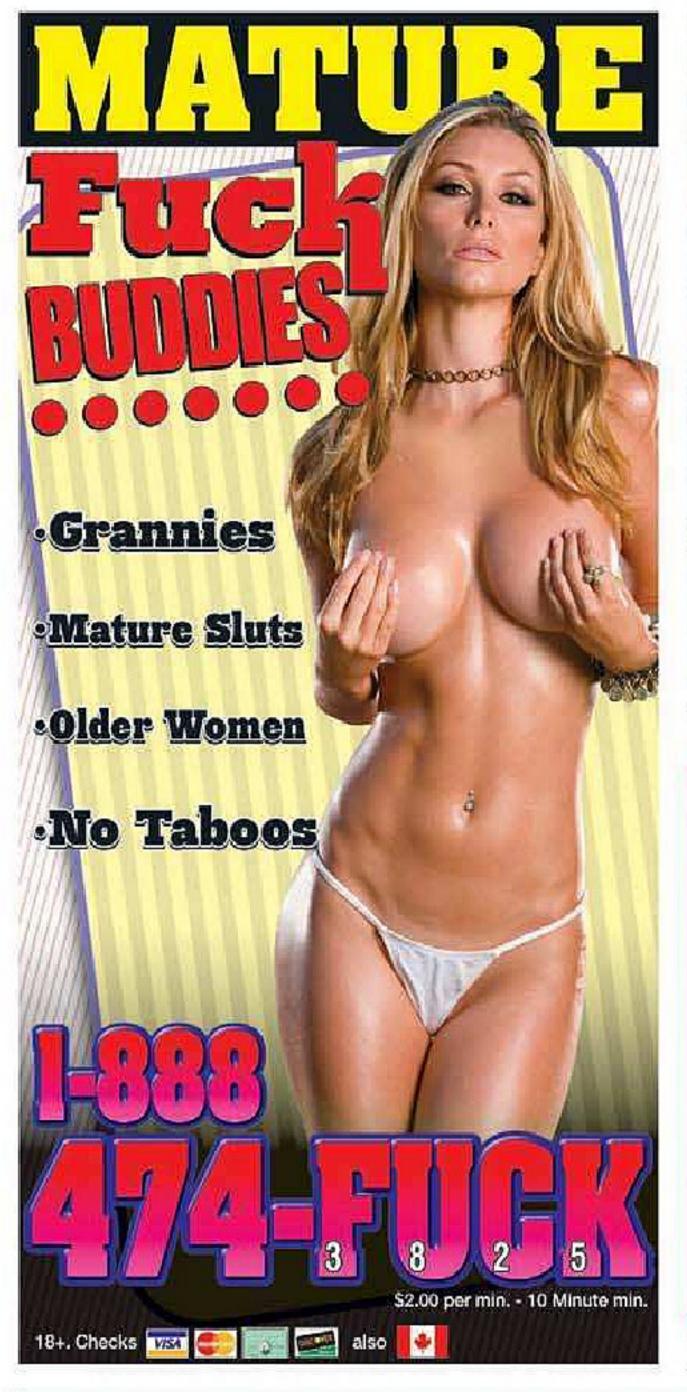
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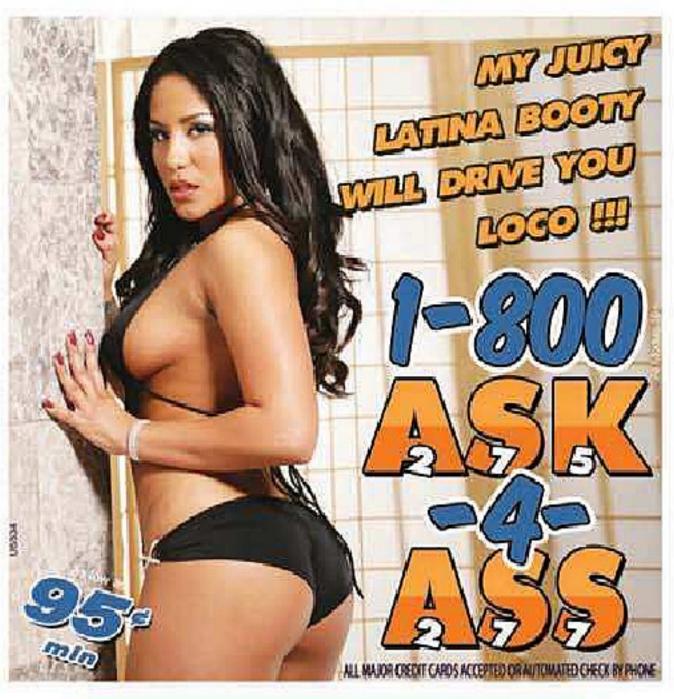
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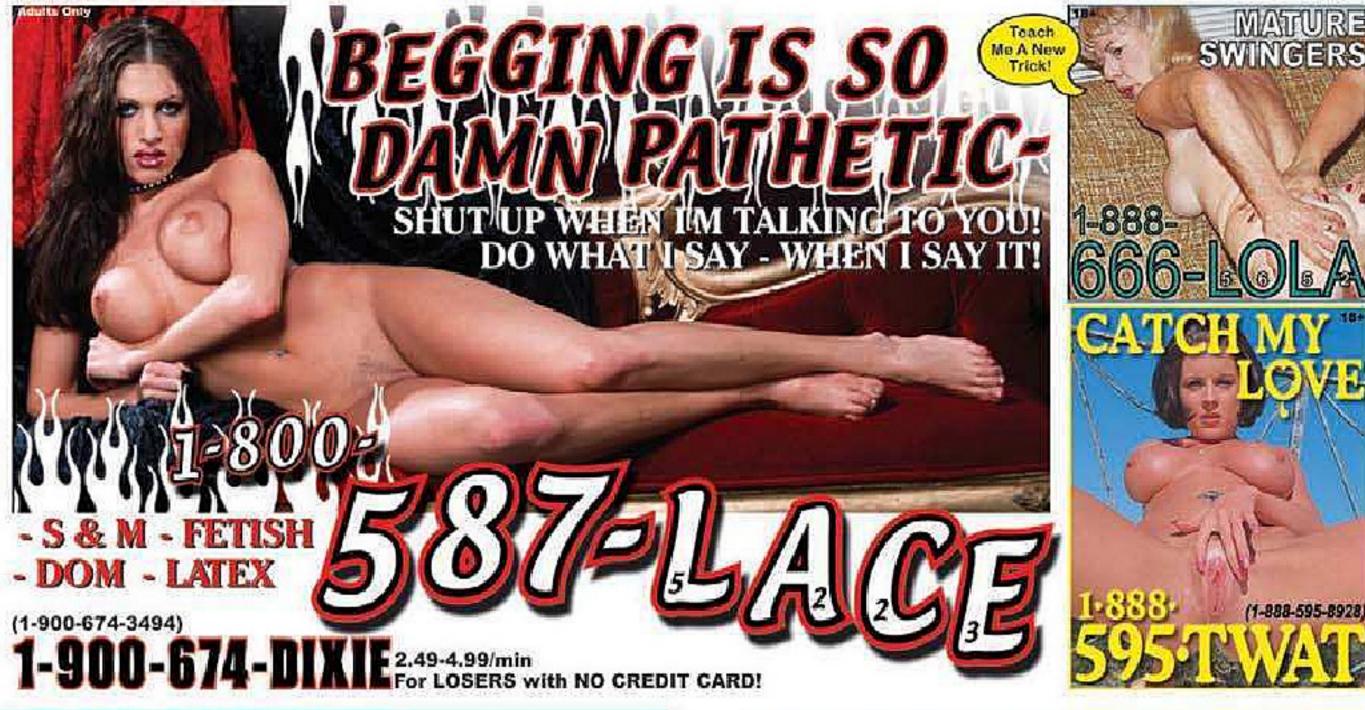


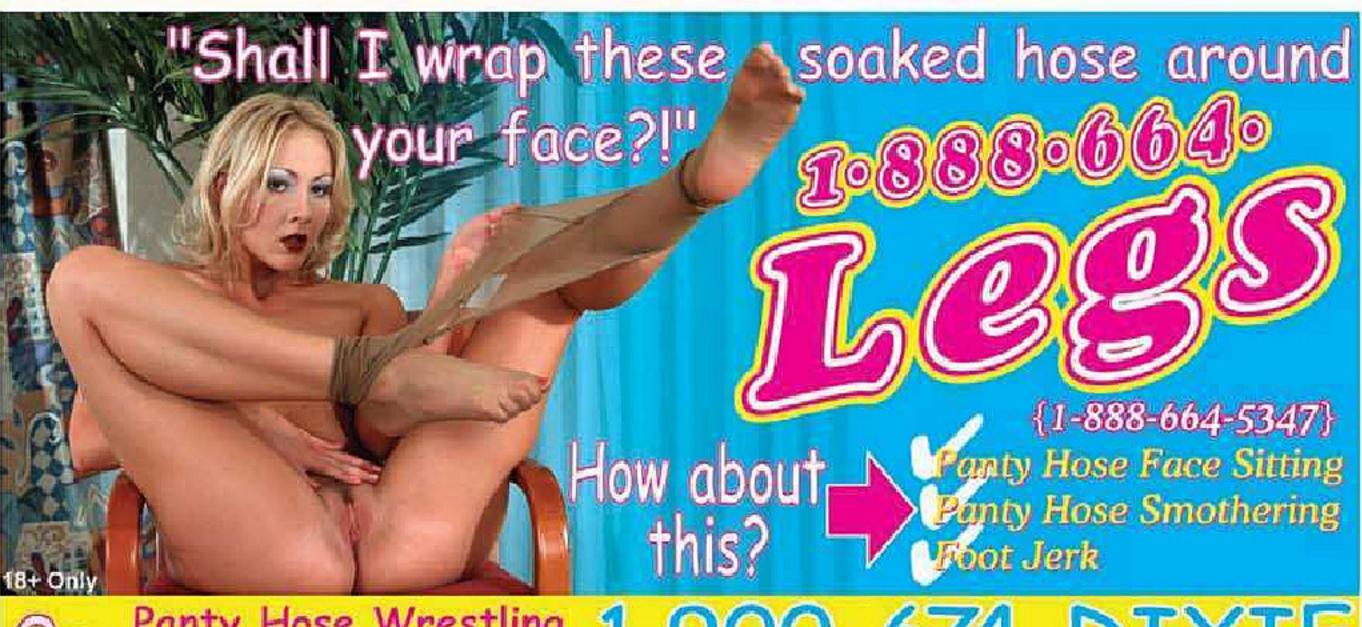




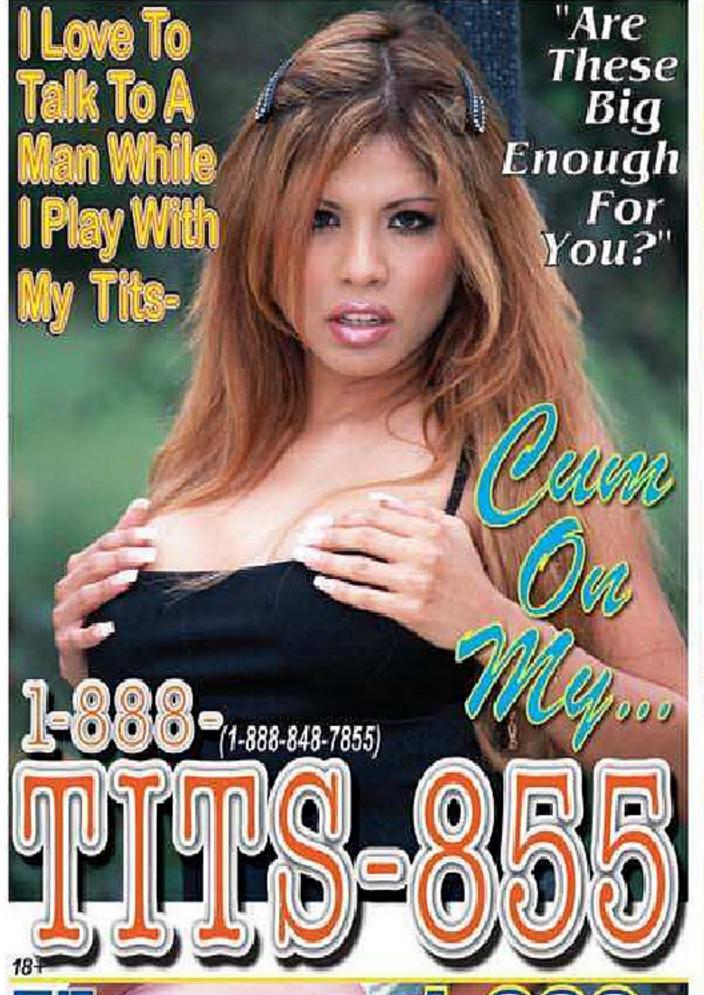






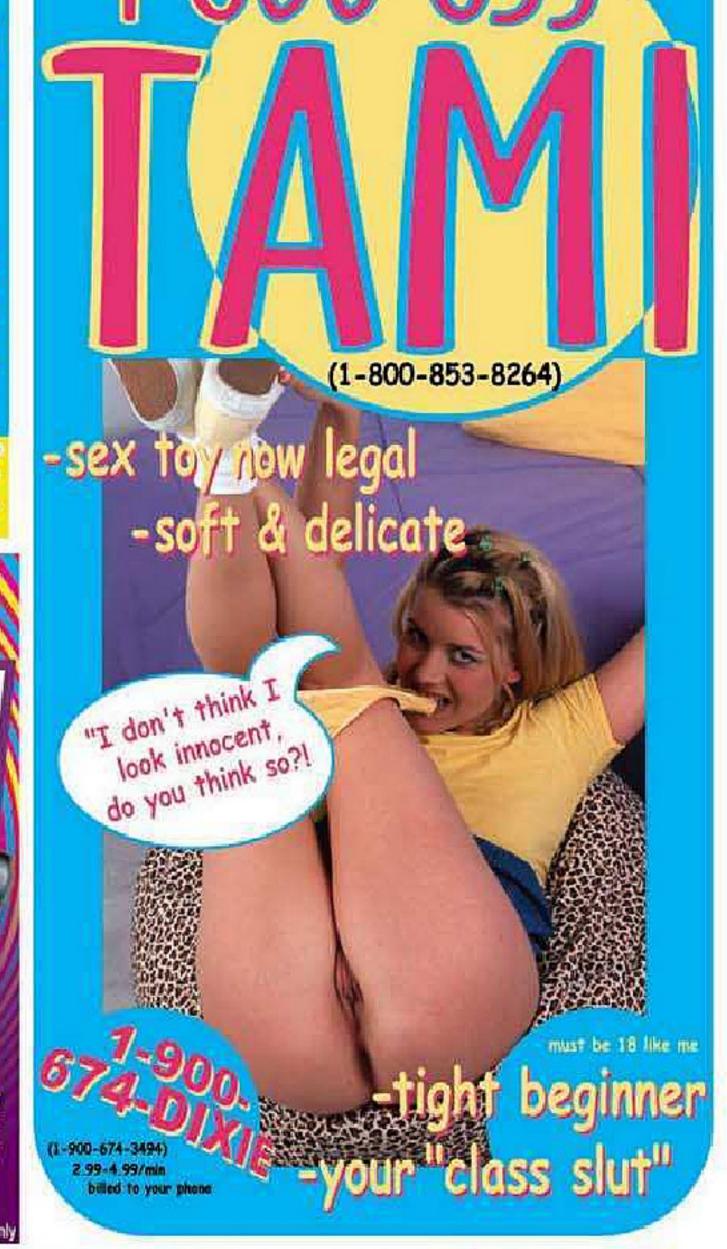




























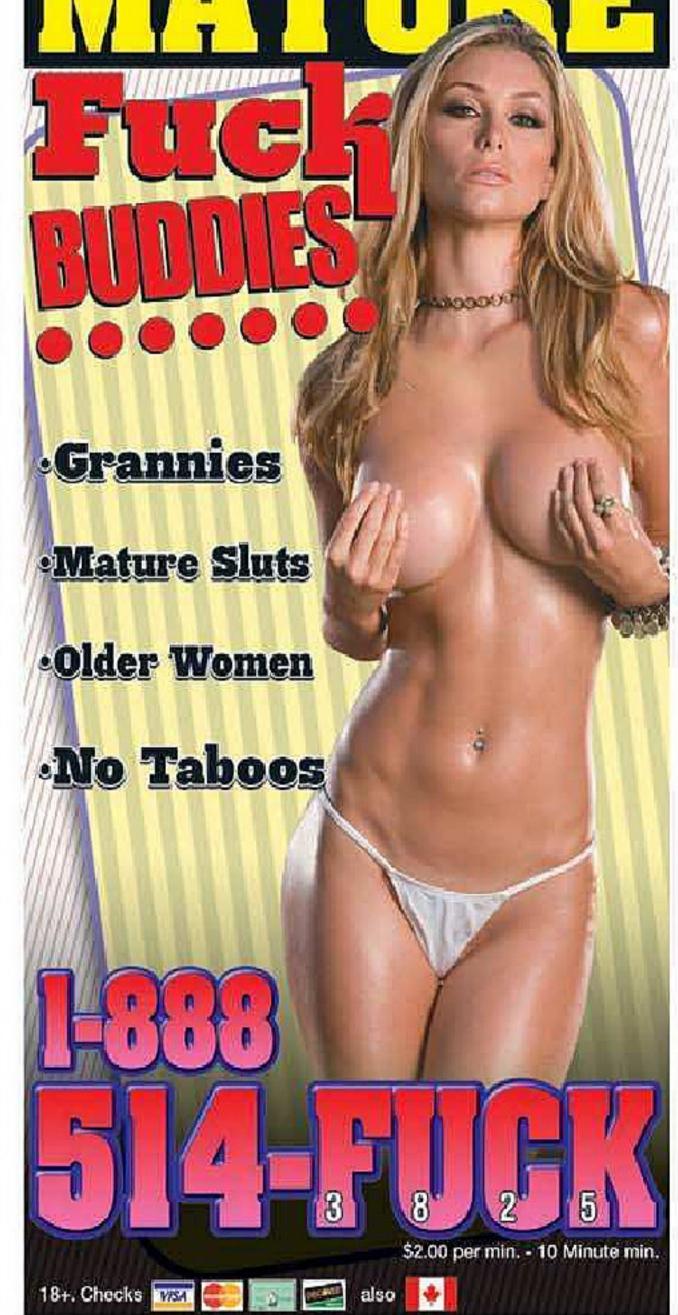






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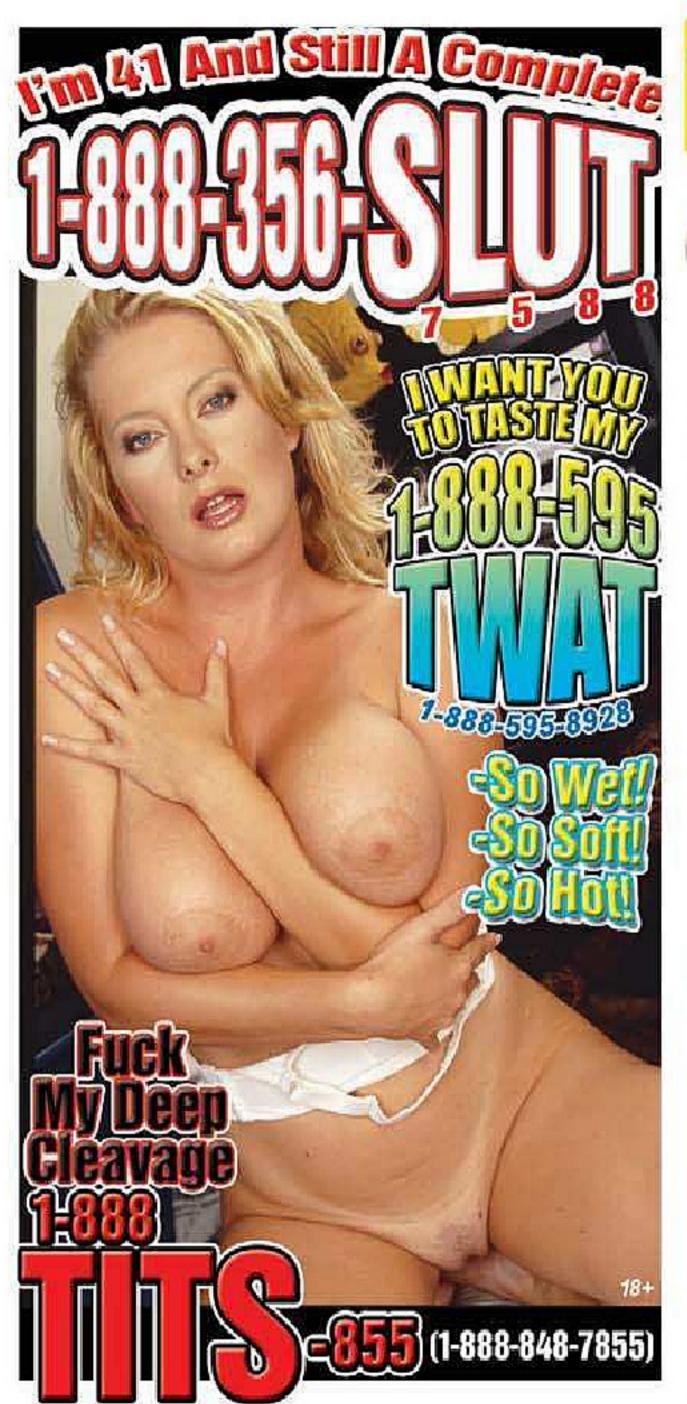
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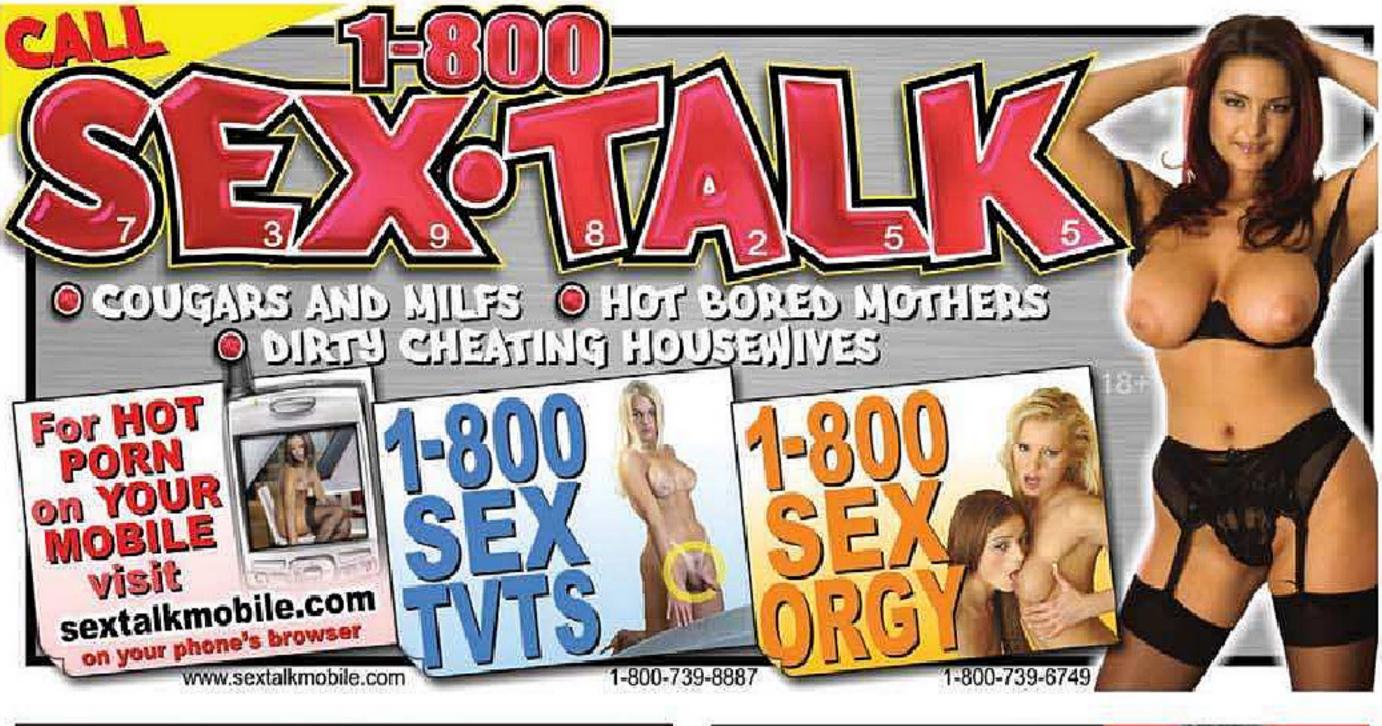
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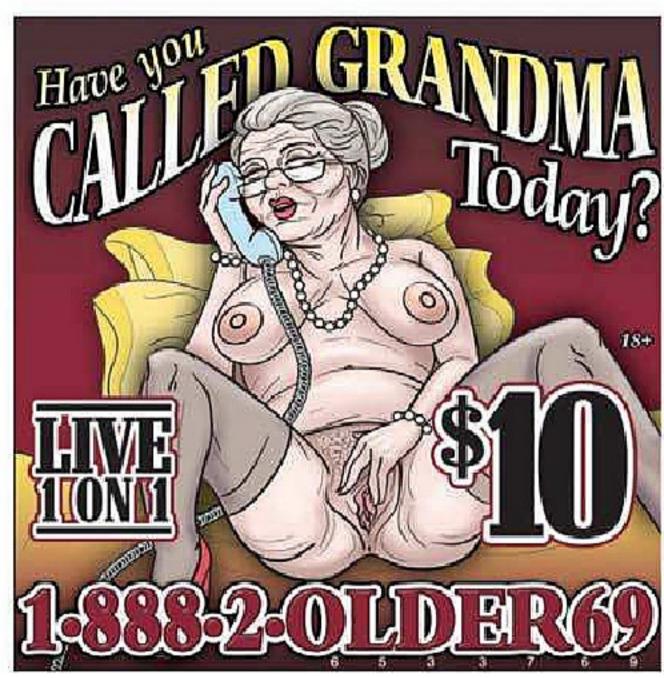


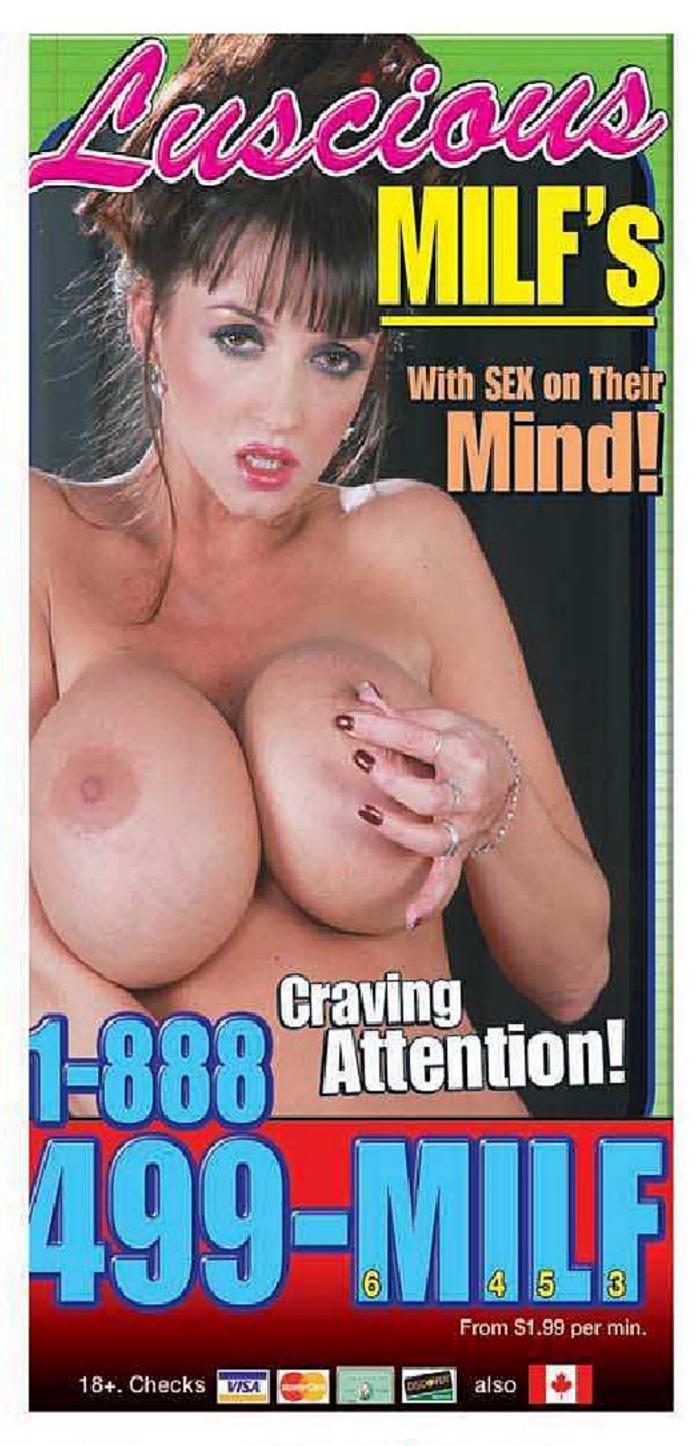


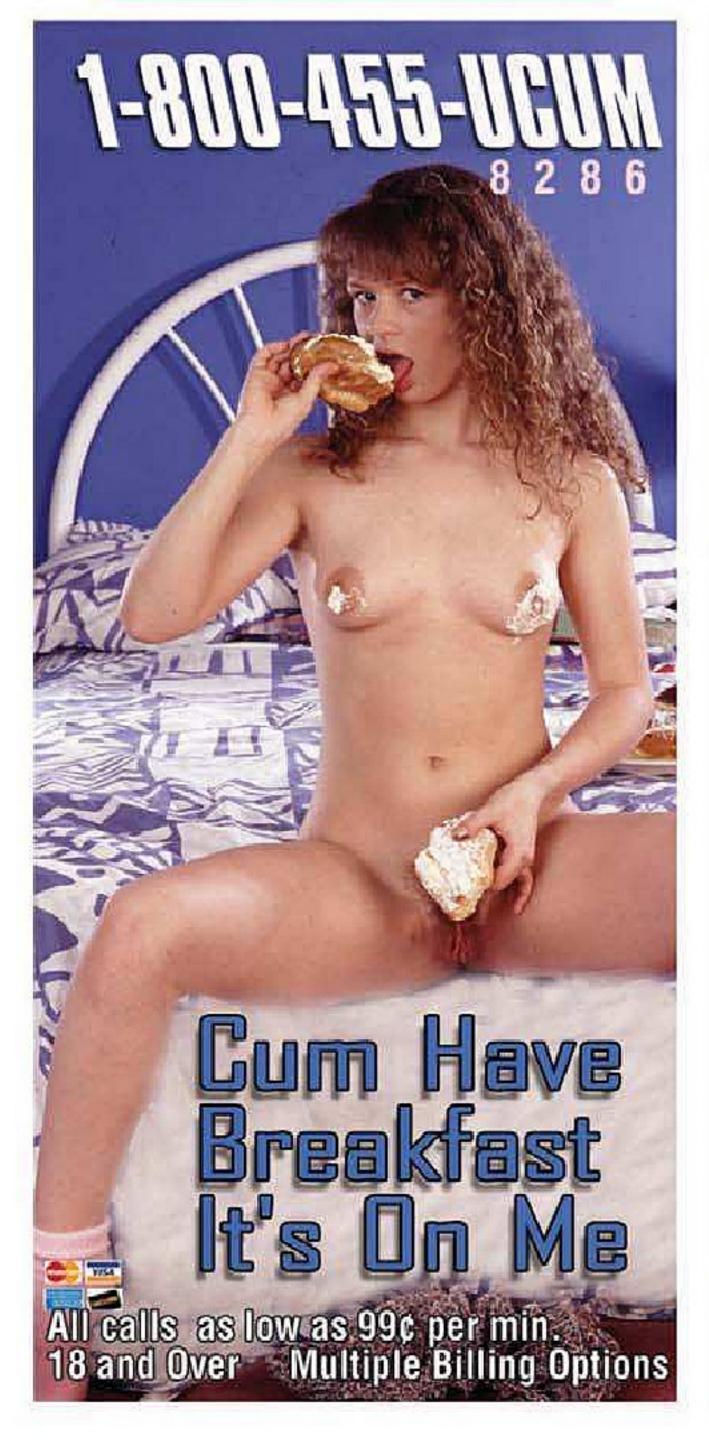




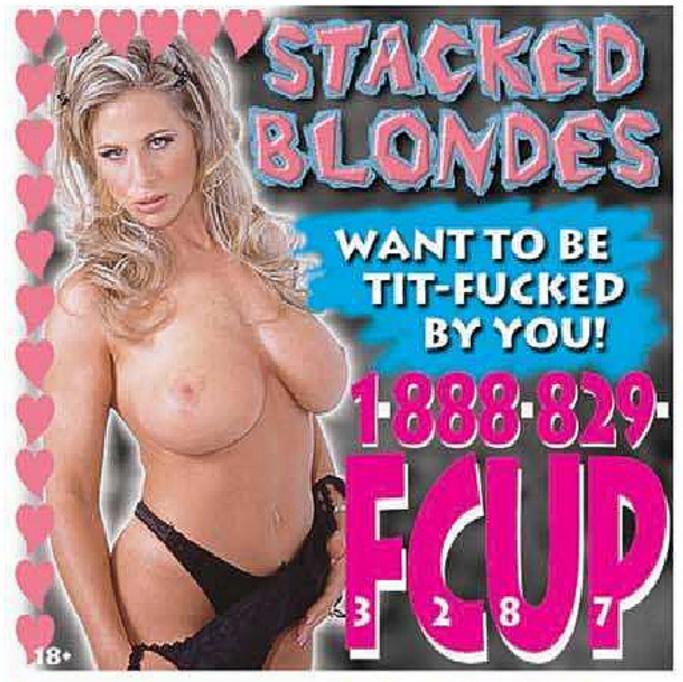




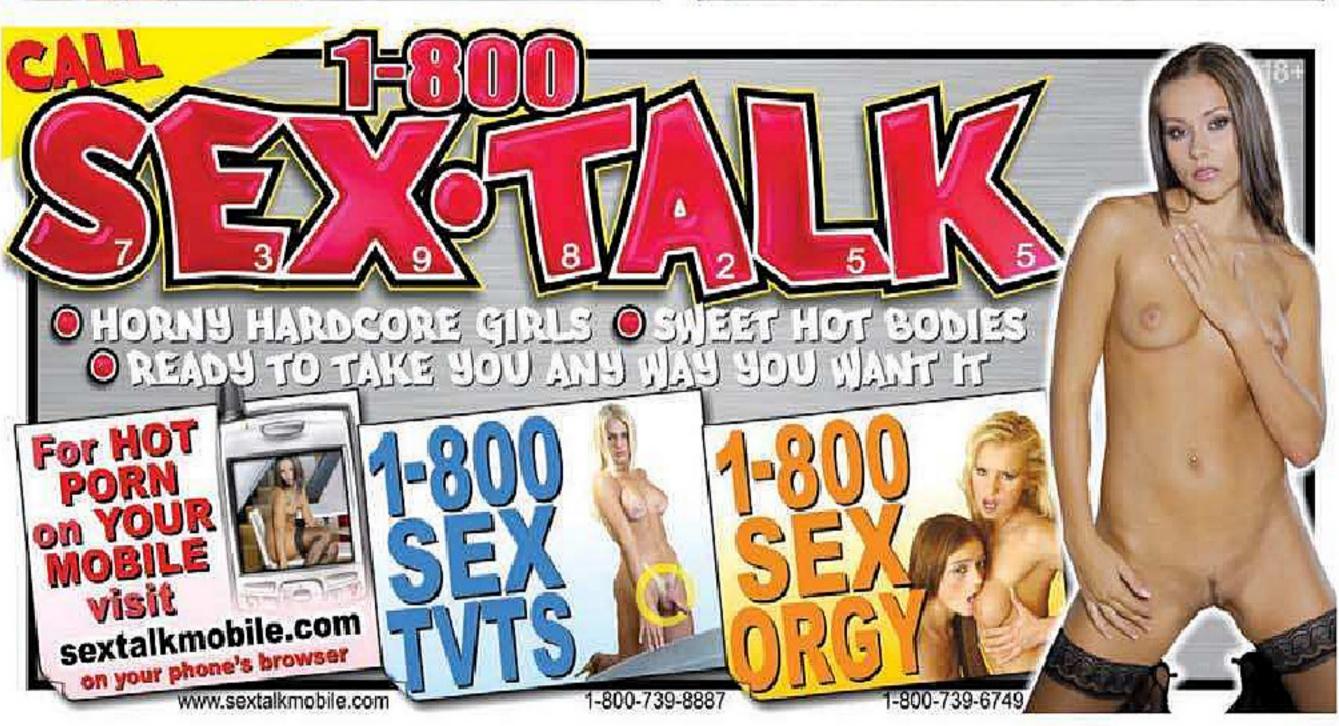














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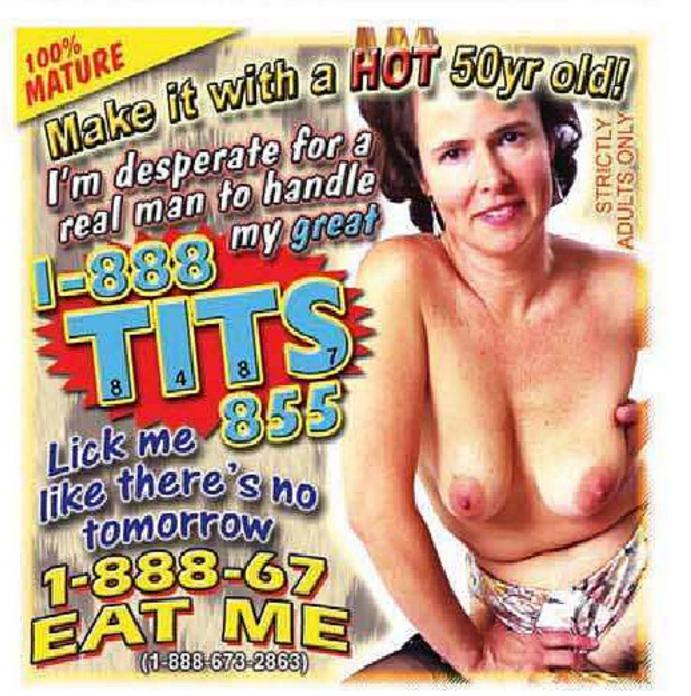












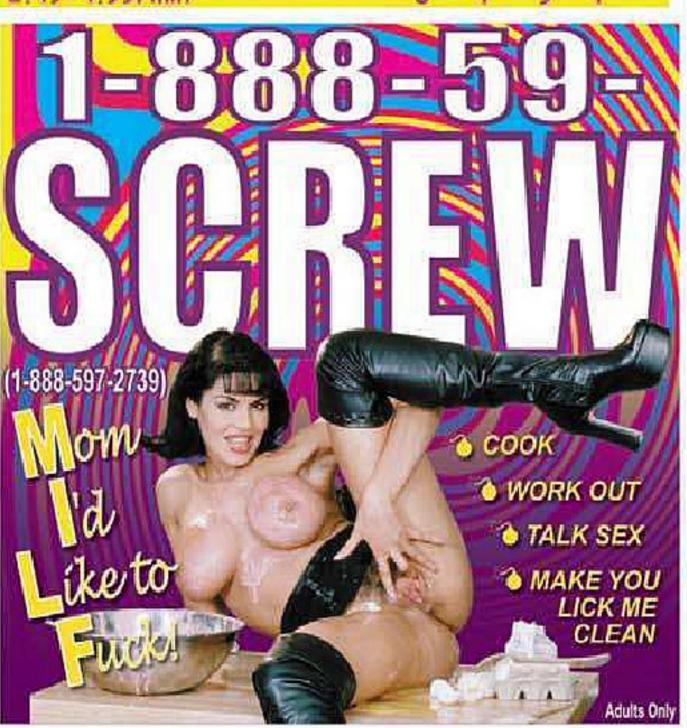
























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WOMEN

MATURE WOMAN

Hi, I'm a bored, blond suburban housewife who's oversexed and over stacked. My husband just can't satisfy me. He doesn't understand that a 40-something woman has lots more experience than these young bitches. Our bodies are at their highest sexual peek and we want a hard cock right now! My measurements are 38DD-25-36 and my ass is as tight as a drum. I'm looking for a stud to get me off. Can you handle that? I do everything, BJs, anal, threesomes, fetish, role playing, around-the-world - anything goes! You name your sexual kick and I'm the woman who'll satisfy you. Dare to be bad with me. Write me now. Seductively yours, Barbara B., Wilmington, DE.

30-SOMETHING SLUT

Hi, I'm not a 20-something anymore but my body still rocks and I'm more horny than ever. I need men who appreciate a girl when she starts to mature. My pussy still gets wet at the very touch of a man (or a woman). It makes me nuts that guys don't get it that we blow these young bitches away. We know how to please with our mouths, and even anally so give me a try. I like real dirty talk. Don't delay. Julie, P., Los Angeles, CA.

LONELY

My husband left me for a 19 year-old slut last year and I want to get back at him badly by having sex with as many men as I can. That means you! I'm a very attractive woman in her mid 40s with dark hair. I'm half Latin and half German so I have a great, exotic look. My body is very good for a woman with two kids. Still an hourglass figure. Long legs, and tight buns (I work out regularly). I haven't had a lot of sexual experience but I'm open (wide open). Please send a nice intro letter first. Maria, Houston, TX

MEN

YOUNG MAN WANTS MOM

OK, so I'm only 18 but I love older chicks. I had this thing for my best friend's mom forever. She's so f**king hot! She wears those black seam stockings and tight ass dresses and just drives me wild. I want a woman like that with big tits and a big ass. No young cheerleader bitches. Just mature sex-starved women who want a young stud to f** them all night long. I can do it. I also eat pussy. Send your letter to: Bud, Portland, OR.

HANDSOME STUD SICK OF POSERS

I'm sick and tired of chicks who want nothing but guys with money. I want an older MILF or cougar who will be thankful when I do her all night long. Don't ask me about how much fucking money I make, just as me how big my dick is or how long is my tongue because that's what I'm going to use on you. And you better thank me once I cum in your mouth.

Billy, Tacoma, WA.

NEW YORKER

Yo, old bitches. I don't care how old you are – 30, 40, 50, even 60. I'll do any woman who puts out. But you gotta do whatever I tell you to do, OK? So be prepared if it's really weird shit. Don't write to me if you don't want to do really crazy stuff and sex that you only read about in magazines like this. I'm the real deal. I have had se with at least 500 babes here in Brooklyn alone and that's not even counting Manhattan. I go to clubs there and find women your age all the time. So why am I writing to this magazine? Because I want more, OK? I'm handsome and work in law enforcement. Tell me how you look. No ugly chicks. If you're over 50 you better be in good shape. No saggy tits or asses. Mario, Bay Ridge, Brooklyn, NY.

NEEDS EXPERIENCE

I need an experienced woman to teach me about sex. I've only experienced kissing. Once I put my finger in a girl's hole but that's it. I need a woman who knows how to teach a young guy. Can you help me? I jerk off tow or three times a day and always think of my teachers and female boss (who are older) so please make sure you're like the women in this magazine. Oh, and I like those big white panties and big white bras for you to wear.

Clive, Chicago, IL.

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